

A Natural Hot House

A CHESTNUT tree in New Hampshire bloomed early in March and every year this has been the first tree in the State to do so. Excavations recently revealed a hot spring at the roots, which explained much.



Magazine Page



This Day in Our History

THIS is the anniversary of the birth, in 1776, of John Constable, who founded the modern school of landscape painting. His genius was first recognized by France. Many of his best canvases are found in the United States.

THE WILD GOOSE BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

A Dramatic Story of a Devoted Husband Who Discovers His Wife is in Love With Another Man

This story has been made into a motion picture by Cosmopolitan Productions under the masterly direction of Albert Capellani and is released as a Paramount picture.

By Gouverneur Morris

Author of "His Daughter," "When My Ship Comes In," "The Seven Daring," and "Other Notable Fictions."

DIANA had risen and walked the length of the room and back, her brow drawn with pain and her hands so tightly interlocked that the knuckles were smooth and white, like bones. Manners was growing reckless.

"Do you hate me, Diana? You set sometimes as if you hated me."

"Do you think I'd be here if I hated you?" she answered; but in her eyes there was nothing but a kind of hunted antagonism. "You'd have seen the last of me long ago if I hated you."

"Then for God's sake what is the matter?"

"There is nothing the matter," she said. But he knew that she was lying. And she knew that he knew. She had the expression of a bound and helpless animal that expects to be struck. Manners rose to his feet. He was trembling all over with fear.

What is the Matter?

"You must tell me," he said. "You've got to tell me."

The anger had oozed out of him; he fairly clamored for her confidence.

"Nothing can be worse than not knowing. I am your friend, your oldest friend. I think I'm your best friend. Nothing's so bad that it can't be put right. For heaven's sake put us on a square and honest basis. Don't be afraid of me. I love you. If you're in trouble I'll do anything, anything in my power, to help you—anything that love and tenderness can suggest."

She had begun to cry, her face all puckered like a child's, and she wailed:

The Story So Far

Frank Manners, an artist of reputation, is doing some work for a rich woman in California. He has always been devotedly attached to his wife, Diana. He reads over her letters of the last few months and feels that she is neglecting their small daughter. He decides to go East without letting Diana know beforehand. On train he meets a hunter who tells him a tale of a wild goose. When Manners arrives home he meets Ogden Fenn, the man with whom Diana is in love. He is keenly disappointed in Diana's conduct and her coldness toward him, but finds much joy in the love of his daughter, Tam. He tries to find out what is troubling Diana.

"It wouldn't do any good to tell you! It wouldn't do any good!" "You must tell me! You must tell me!"

And suddenly she told him; but she took three paces first, three involuntary paces, perhaps, which made the distance between them greater. It was as if she dreaded some awful outburst which must follow hard upon her confession. She sobbed loudly as she spoke:

"I am in love with another man!"

The face which he loved so, the woe-begone little face at once terrified and brave, moved Manners as he had been moved but once before in all his life. All side issues were erased from his mind as if by a lightning stroke. Tam, himself. Only one thing was clear: that his Diana was in frightful grief and trouble, and that he must comfort her.

It was one of his great moments when, an impulse wholly noble and unselfish driving him, he acted upon it. Diana, whose streaming eyes had never left his face, saw the grim drawn lines of it break and soften into a smile of such tenderness and sweetness and compassion that at once the weight upon her heart seemed lightened.

"Come right to me!" He opened his arms to her, his voice broken with tenderness. "Come right to me!"

me! Why, you poor child, it's all right. I'm so glad you've told me. Why, come here! It's just as if you were another daughter. Oh, you poor child! You poor child!"

Very slowly at first but with increasing momentum she had been drawn toward him. It was as if the tenderness which emanated from him had arms and hands with which to draw her until, with a sudden last quickening, she was in his arms. So a little ship, almost foundered in a storm, slips into the keeping of some safe bay.

Great Moment Had Passed.

There was silence now. He patted her shoulders; he stroked her hair. She smiled through her tears. Oh, how good was confession! How very good! It hurt her so to lie, and now there would be no more lying. It hurt her so to be false; but now the truth was out and she could be true.

But for Manners the great moment had passed. Action had been followed by reaction. His mind, cleansed of all but the once chivalrous purpose, began now to crowd with complexities. "Is he rich, darling?" he asked. Between asking this somewhat abrupt and surprising question and receiving Diana's answer, Manners' mind worked very quickly. It was a sudden overmastering desire to be once and forever free from all pain and care that had impelled him to ask the question, and while the answer was pending he was able, to imagine every detail of what he would do if that answer was in the affirmative.

He saw himself giving Diana a parting squeeze, a parting pat, leaving her without excuse, running lightly up the stairs to his room, taking the 45 automatic from his drawer, putting the muzzle quickly in his mouth and quickly pulling the trigger. She would have the



Diana, Preparing to Meet Ogden Fenn, Surveys Herself in Her Mirror. A Scene in "The Wild Goose."

man she wanted. He would have peace. The thought of being so soon dead seemed perfectly beautiful to him. Diana's answer brought him back to his senses.

"He hasn't any money at all," she said. "Then," said Manners, instantly, "I'll have to keep on working very hard so there'll be plenty of all money."

Motion Pictures of This Splendid Serial Will Be Shown Here Soon at Leading Theaters

He had accepted the idea of divorce without question.

"Who is he?" he asked.

"Ogden Fenn," she said, "and oh, Frank, dear, his love is so wonderful. It's not what you think. We weren't going to tell you, and I was going to be better about Tam and you, and you weren't ever to know; and we were only going to see each other once in a while."

Talk Things Over.

Manners laughed indulgently. "The idea of an honest little person like you carrying around a load of deceit like that all the rest of your born days makes me laugh," he said. "I knew there was something wrong almost as soon as I clapped eyes on you. So Mr. Fenn is the lucky dog. I don't mind telling you that I envy him. Come and sit down on the sofa and we'll talk things over."

They might easily have been mistaken for a pair of lovers. His arm was around her, and she leaned confidently against him.

"I'm so relieved you've taken it like this, Frank," she said. "I'm so glad I've told you. I'm so glad!"

"It's too late to get hold of Fenn tonight," said her husband. "But I suppose you could get him to come to the apartment some time tomorrow morning. I'll go to town with you. But is the very early train essential? I'll have a little talk with him first, and then we'll all three have a talk together."

And all the time he talked he kept wishing that Fenn was rich, so that he, Manners, could be comfortably dead. He had been through one period of great agony with Diana; and he did not yet feel man enough to face another.

It was curious that the question of just what Tam's rights and interests were in the matter had not yet presented itself to him. His first thoughts had been entirely concerned with Diana.

His second thoughts were almost entirely concerned with himself.

The comforting tones of his voice and the comforting touch of his hand had ceased to be inspired. They had become mechanical.

It was wonderful how she clung to him when they were saying good night. It was not at all as if she were planning to leave him in the lurch, and to chuck aside, like an outworn garment, the devotion and faithfulness of all his grown years. It was more as if she feared that she were losing him, as if she were trying to turn once more toward her a love that had turned away.

But Manners knew very well that it was not the woman in her that clung to him, but the child. And knowing this the tightening pressure with which he in turn held her asked nothing but the right to shield and protect. His heart registered fewer beats than usual instead of more. He did not so much as kiss her cheek, but only pressed against it with his own.

Found Her Wanting.

His thoughts traveled in great circles. His very soul yearned over her and forgave her. His intellect judged her and found her wanting. And the faith that he had in her shook in its boots. "She can't do it!" he thought. "She will do it! She will have her own way as usual, and everybody will have to suffer. She will have to suffer, too. She can't do it. She will do it. The grounds will be desertion. Think of me deserting Diana!"

He bit back an hysterical impulse to laugh out loud. It would be foolish to suppose that Diana did not in any way realize the enormity of the crime she had committed against her husband. But in the forgiving pressure of that husband's arms even her pricking conscience was dragged into a temporary peace.

And, indeed, it was a little as if her whole being had been dragged into quiescence, and all her emotions, for in five minutes after she had turned out her lights she was sound asleep. Many times during the night Manners stealthily opened the door that was between their rooms and listened. He could hear no sound. So quietly she slept you might have thought her dead.

The Real Thing.

"She isn't even dreaming now," he thought. "If she isn't faithful to me now, at least she isn't faithful. If she doesn't love me now, neither does she love me then. If she is never to be happy, may Almighty God at least reserve for her many thousands of nights like this—long periods of oblivion and peace."

But Manners was already very sorry that he had spoken of giving Diana the divorce which she imagined would make her happy.

She will get over Fenn," he thought, "as she got over 'What's-his-name,' as she got over me. There'll be a hard time; she'll hate me for a while. But she sha'n't ruin herself and me for a crazy, self-indulgent impulse."

The thought gave him confidence and courage. But these were not unmingled with pessimism and foreboding.

"Suppose," he thought, "that it should turn out to be the real thing—the real thing with both of them?"

He found that he was trembling from head to foot. The night was cold. The fire in his room had gone out. And those inner fires which might have sustained him through a colder night than this had nothing to feed on—nothing.

"And my wife," he thought, "is there in the next room. My wife! And the door is unlocked. But just because this world contains a shy, featureless, colorless individual named Fenn, she is tabu—she is sacred! Even if I were freshening up, I must not turn back the warm sheets and blankets that cover her and lie down by her side. Copyright, 1921, International Magazine Co. (To be continued Monday.)"

FOR LOVE By Ruby M. Ayres

BUT at the moment, at least, consternation reigned. It was Philip who reached her first and picked her up in his arms, brushing young Peter away unceremoniously out of his way.

The golden head with its simple white rose hung limply against his breast. . . . To Eva that moment was the most cruel and vivid of the whole evening.

It was all over in a moment—Kitty was carried away, and Philip came back and went on with his speech, and everyone did their best to wipe out the little incident, but to Eva it had cut a chasm in her happiness, inexplicable, but irrevocable.

Afterward in the drawing-room she only longed to get away from everyone and go home. Her heart was torn with a thousand unanswered questions.

Why had Kitty fainted? Why had Philip been so eager to lift her himself? Why, oh why?

"You're worn out," said Calligan at her elbow.

He had never been far away from her side the whole evening. His shrewd eyes had seen a great deal.

Calligan saw Eva's pallor and the dark lines beneath her eyes; saw the way she kept clasping and unclasping her hands nervously—the unsteadiness of her lips.

He talked to her without making it necessary for her to reply. He spoke chiefly of Philip; about their college days—of what a splendid sportsman Philip was—how popular he had been with everyone.

He gave her to understand that he himself thought the world of his friend, and that she was exceedingly lucky to have made such a choice. In spite of herself, Eva felt the shadows dispersing. When Philip came into the drawing-room she was laughing and talking as if nothing had ever marred her happiness. He came at once to her side.

He was a little flushed, and the eyes were rather reckless, but he smiled at her affectionately.

"I can't have you monopolizing my property all the evening," he said to Calligan. He sat down beside her, laying his arm along the back of her chair with a little proprietary gesture.

Calligan rose. "If that means I am turned out," he said playfully.

It was Eva who stopped him. "Oh, don't go—please don't go. I was just beginning to enjoy myself."

She dreaded being left alone with

Philip. When she looked at him she felt her old doubts and fears returning. She was relieved when Calligan consented to stay.

They laughed and talked together so much that Philip's silence passed almost unnoticed; the time went so quickly that Eva was surprised when people began to leave and she heard someone say that it was nearly midnight.

She rose then—hurriedly. "I must find mother. . . . She must be waiting me."

Philip caught her hand. "I'm taking you home," he said authoritatively. "I've told your mother."

She gave in at once. "Very well," she looked round the room. The crowd had greatly diminished. "Has Kitty gone? I wanted to see her," she said deliberately. "I hope she left right again."

"She went home two hours ago," Philip said. His eyes met hers steadily. . . .

"I think we ought to take Mr. Calligan with us," Eva said later, when she stood ready in her wraps. "Don't you want a midnight ride, Mr. Calligan?"

"Calligan looked quickly at Philip. "No, he doesn't," Philip answered for him emphatically. "I'm not going to waste gasoline on him now."

"Are you ready?"

There was a hint of impatience in his voice.

Mrs. Winterdick kissed Eva affectionately—she was pleased with the way in which the evening had passed off.

"Philip, are you sure the child is sufficiently wrapped up?"

"I'm all right," Eva assured her. "And it's such a little way."

"If I'd got an old shoe, I'd throw it after you," Calligan said.

He followed them out to the car. He appealed to a girl standing close by: "Anyone got a shoe to spare—or some rice?"

Eva laughed as she clambered in beside Philip. "You are two days too soon," she said. She peeped out at him from under the hood. Her face looked very sweet and happy.

Calligan sighed and his eyes clouded a little as they met hers. He had been wondering all the evening why he had only met this girl now, when it was too late. . . . The car started forward and disappeared into the darkness.

Philip did not speak till they were out in the road. In the glare of the great headlights the trees seemed giant shadows swooping down upon them from both sides.

"Tired?" he asked.

"Very." She gave a little sign. "But it was lovely; I enjoyed it all so much. And I do like Mr. Calligan."

(To be continued Monday.)

MORE PRIZE RECIPES

SOFT POUND CAKE

5 eggs.
1 pound sugar,
1 pound flour,
1/2 pound butter,
Cup milk,
1 teaspoon extract,
2 teaspoon baking powder.
Bake in moderate oven nearly 1 hour.—Mrs. L. H. Trunwell, 1245 Thirty-third street.

3/4 pound butter,
1 cup of sugar,
3 eggs,
2 cups of flour,
2 teaspoons of vanilla heart,
2 teaspoons of baking powder,
1 pinch of salt,
Marshmallow and coconut icing.
Miss Florence Matthews, 3500 U street northwest.

Know How to Cook Rice? CHINESE METHOD IS GOOD FOR BOILED RICE

By Loretto C. Lynch
An acknowledged expert in all matters pertaining to household economies.

OF all the common cereals rice is the one that you can prepare most quickly. It is therefore ideal for those whose cooking must take a minimum of time. Rice is not generally as popular as it deserves to be.

Unpolished rice, food experts tell us, is best for us. It seems to have more of the valuable mineral salts than the polished.

Just how do you boil rice? The Chinese method is very good when plain boiled rice is desirable. Two quarts or more of water is put to boil. When it is boiling violently, one cupful of washed rice

is gradually sprinkled in. If the rice is put in too quickly it will stop the water from boiling and the grains will sink to the bottom and probably stick there. Keep the water boiling rapidly and stirring will not be necessary. Add one level teaspoon of salt. If the water boils off before the rice is tender, add more water. After twenty minutes, test a grain by crushing it between the thumb and finger. Some folks prefer to eat a grain or two to test if it is tender. Care must be taken to remove the rice just at the right moment, as overcooking is very undesirable. The water should be drained off in a colander or strainer and the rice rinsed with hot water to remove excess starch. It should be quickly spread on a plate and placed in the oven or other warm place to steam dry.

ADVICETOTHE LOVELORN

By Beatrice Fairfax
SHOULD BE CONGENIAL.
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

A girl twenty-five years of age, who is considered good looking, and a man forty years old, who is neither handsome nor wealthy, are in love with each other. Although they love each other dearly, they fear to marry because of the great difference in their ages.

Please advise them what to do. They have both agreed to act according to your advice.

CONCERNED.
A girl of twenty-five is a woman. She ought to be mature enough to find many interests congenial with those of a man fifteen years her senior. After all, a man of forty isn't a grandfatherly person who wants nothing but to sit by the fire and think of younger, happier days, you know!

Attractive Parisian Afternoon Gowns



Green is always well liked for the summer costume, and now Paris is advocating green, forest-green—a dark tone—and a bluish note. The frock at the left is of Raeha, in the new-rich high leaf green, and combines with the becoming round neck, the long sleeves upon which Paris always advocates. White taffeta edges the collar and the fronts of the bodice, which open over a chiffon.

Plain and figured crepe de chine are found together in many of the models. The gray crepe bodice is trimmed with a panel that is an extension of the blue and gray crepe skirt. The bodice, in turn, extends below the waist line over the hips, and the gray crepe sash has a bow and ends at one side. Blue crepe bands the neck and the sleeves.

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Here Comes the Bride
TO THE
PAINE STUDIO
"Price to Fit the Small Purse"
623 F St. N. W. Franklin 7064

PHILLIPS
Around the Corner From High Prices
812 H Street N. W.
Special
Dresses and Suits
\$3.49
Trimmed Hats 99c and \$1.39

Wit and Wisdom

A lazy spirit is a losing spirit. Creditors have much better memories than debtors.

The heat is the cheapest in the end, and in the beginning, too.

What we are tomorrow is what we make of ourselves today.

It's more the years than the fingers that give the musician his skill.

'Tis early rest that makes early rising sure.

Cuticura Shampoos
Mean Healthy Hair
Especially if preceded by touches of Cuticura Ointment to spots of dandruff, itching and irritation. This treatment does much to keep the scalp clean and healthy and to promote hair growth.
Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 108, Malden, Mass." Sold everywhere. Use the Cuticura Soap and the Cuticura Shampoos without soap.